WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26.

EUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

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"TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last Thirteen Sundays.

SEPT.	80	PRINTED	255,030	Coples.
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OCT.	14	PRINTED	257,860	Coptes.
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THE SUNDAY WORLD HOW DOUBLE the CIR-CULATION of any And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

WORLDLINGS.

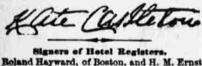
A pistol that is supposed to be the weapon wilkes Booth used when he shot Lincoln is pre-served in the collection of the Philadelphis Po-lice Bureau. It is a small derringer ornamented with silver and shoots a half-inch ball. On a silver plate attached to the butt are the word "J. Wilkes Booth."

Charles F. Mayer, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's new President, is about fifty-five years old, wears a well-trimmed beard of graysh brown and has a sharp nose. His eye is keen and restless, and he has all the character istics of a typical successful man of business.

Bobert Bonner is sixty-four years old. He was an Irish lad and came to this country to seek his fortune in 1839. His first employmen was as "devil" in the office of a Hartford paper. where he received \$25 a year and his board.

Patti told an interviewer recently that she passes twelve hours out of twenty-four in bed, and that "plenty of sleep" was the secret of her

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLEECTION.



Boland Hayward, of Boston, and H. M. Ernst, of Olean, are registered at the Albemarle. W. C. Young, of Danville, Ky., and E. J. Perris, of Philadelphia, are at the Bartholdi.
C. W. Dolan, of Philadelphia, and C. B. Pitman, of Boston, are among the Brunswick guests. Max Brincker, of Rochester; D. J. Thayer, of Lows, and Gus Daus of Philadelphia, are at the Hoffman.

Prominent at the Fifth Avenue are A. B. Bur-is, of Cleveland; S. C. Robertson, U. S. A.; W. H. Elliott, of Detroit, and G. C. Lemoy, of

T. A. Mills, of Asbury Park; B. R. Hopkins, of L. Louis, and J. H. Davis, of Boston, are at he Sturteyant. W. H. Riley. of Biughamton; Charles Stone, of Washington, and H. T. Rogers, of Denver, are at the St. James.

G. H. Newman, of Easthampton, Mass.; Capt. J. H. Dorst, of West Point, and Capt. C. S. Smith, of Washington, are at the Grand Hotel.

Among the Glisey House guests are E. T. Sawger, of Easthampton, Mass.; C. P. Dean, of Springfield, Mass.; M. H. Briggs, of Rochester, and Dr. C. S. Bartlett, of Boston.

GOSSIP OF THE EXCHANGES.

Sir George H. Pullman spends much time in this city. He is a fine-looking man, tall and very erect, with chin whiskers streaked with gray. For several years he was accustomed to tive when here at one of the swell hotels. He always, on these occasions, engaged the finest suit of rooms at the Windsor, the Victoria or some other house. At the former hostlery his weekly bill amounted to \$500. Nowadays during his olitan visits he is the guest of his mother, who has a superb apartment in the Belgravia. Bir George is a charitable man without bluster. His fortune and income are immense, and there are few millionaires who can command a large amount of cash so readily as he, or who could turn their fortunes into money as quickly. He is said to have conceived a big charitable project which he will carry out in good time, and which will absorb a great, if not the greater, portion of his millions. One of the finest residences in Chicago is that of Sir George Pullman. He took his time in building it, spending a hundred thousand dollars a year for labor and material. At the expiration of four years his home was an accomplished fact.

The sporting and brokerage acquaintances of Howell Ouborn continue to discuss the department. His fortune and income are immense, and ther

Howell Osborn continue to discuss the depar-ture of Fay Templeton, whose trip abroad set the tongues of the gossip-mongers wagging. There are stories and stories, and the idea that Fay has gone to Paris to marry Howell has been abandoned for the newer and more sensational theory that she is already married to him.

The rumor is revived that Mr. James R. Keene is again active in stock speculation. The report represents him as the leading bull operator in Lackawanna, which has advanced materially in price. It is not true that Mr. Keene has made a "strike." If it were, everybody would rejoice, especially the commission brokers, for he is the kind of operator who, when successful, pays out hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in commissions. When Mr. dollars every year in commissions. When Mr. Keene made his Wall-street début Messrs. L & S. Wormser were his brokers. Their fortunes are vast and way down in the latter's foundations are the Keene commissions. Other brokers, whose good luck it was to win the Californian's favor, got rich in short order. As his broker, Frank flavin made \$500,000 in one year. It is said that at the height of his success he gave his wife and his son Forhall \$650,000 in gilt-edge securities, and that occasionally when the income from the latter exceeded living expenses the surplus was placed at his disposal and enabled him to make speculative ventures on a small scale, Mr. Keene has, it is understood, bought up very many of his old notes for 15 cents on the dollar.

Quite a lively speculation is going on in manila hemp, which has advanced four cents a pound within a fortnight. This article is searce and has been bought eagerly by the ropemakers, with whom business is flourishing.

Try Riher's Experience of the costs post in a cough. If it does not ourse you it costs post is as your tonors is refurned. But it will ourse repaired only by W.R. B. RIKER & SON, Drug-de Manufacturing Chemista, 15.9 6th are, near where they have been established forly-two Per bottle that prints, 90 cents. All their pre-paid on same goodlitons. Insist on having

THE JESTERS AT THE WORK.

THE DROLLERIES THEY GRIND OUT TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY.

> Going Down Hill. (From James Siftings.)



Little Bobby-Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr

Mr. Jinks-I never go to any toboggan slide. Bobby: never even saw a toboggan.

Bobby (a trifle nonplussed)—That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down hill at a furious rate.

[From the Yankes Blade.]

Dick-No, I can't, Tom; I'm dead broke my-

Cause for Norrow. [From the Rochester Post-Express.]
Forty-four baby boys have already been named after Gen. Harrison. We feel sorry for every Harrison of them.

A Transparent Combination. [From the Norristown Herald.]
The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. Their object can be seen

A High Opinion. [From the Yonkers Statesman.] Lawyer-I have my opinion of you. Citizen-Well, you can keep it. The last

An Exception to the Rule. [From the Boston Courier.]
It is quite right for a lecturer to be full of his subject, but not when he lectures on whiskey.

Zola's Substitute at Work. [From the Chicago Tribune.]
Zola's last book is pronounced by the critics to be a marvel of beauty and purity. Who is doing his literary work for him now?

A Painful Spectacle. [From the Binghamton Republican.]
There are few things more painful than the effort of a man using a word of whose pronun-ciation he is doubtful to appear nonchalant.

Tough Luck. (From the Terre Haute Express.)
First Stage Robber-What did you git yesterday, Jerry? Second Robber-Nothin'. There wasn't no

body in the stage 'ceptin' a lawyer, two plumbers and a prima donna, an' professional courtesy wouldn't allow me to touch 'em, of course. An Advertising Scheme

(From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)
The report comes from a Florida village that thirty-three pounds of beans were gathered from one Japan bean vine, the product of one bean, It is probably only an advertising scheme of some hotel man to catch Boston tourists who winter in the South.

Too Much of a Good Thing [From the Burlington Free Press.]
Mrs. Blackson (on Sunday morning)—John shall you attend meeting this morning ? Mr. Blackson—No: I've got to attend a meeting of my creditors to-morrow morning, and once a week is enough for that sort of thing.

Blessing the Bell.

A bell weighing 5, 100 pounds has just been placed on a Winona (Minn.) church. The cere mony of blessing it takes place to-day, and will be conducted by all the men in that immediate vicinity whose Sunday morning nap has been spoiled.

The Usual New Year's Resolutions.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

I hereby resolve to be good
Through all of the glad New Year,
Be a tireless scarcher for allskinds of "vircher,"
And do nothing my conscience to sere;
I'll grow better at once and scraphicer,
And I wish that my language was graphicer
To tell without base diminution,
The strength of my great resolution.

Yes, I hereby resolve to be good,
I have made up my mind to do might;
You may bet your last copper I'm going

And shine like a star in the night.
Purge all diabolical animus,
Grow honest, and good and magnanimous,
This resolve no power can shake it—
Until I get ready to break it.

Her Meditations. [From the Chicage Mail.] The one has a divine mustache, The other money-bags; I hesitate 'twixt love and cash, His giblets or his jags.

Shall I appear in gowns of state, Or shall I dress in rags ? Vhich shall I choose ? What is my fate— His giblets or his jags ?

Betwixt the two—alas! poor me! My wayward fancy lags; Which shall I take? Which shall it be— His giblets or his jags? Regarding my delay the tongue

Of Mrs. Grundy wags.
Of each I hear the praises sung,
His giblets and his jags.

The problem bears upon me still, My resolution fags; Which shall I take for good or ill, His jiblets or his jags?

A Physical Impossibility. [From Judge.]



Young Charlie Gunther (whose pa is rich) lack, she just rejected me, and I actually think

Didn't Stay Away Long Enough. After eighteen months' separation Adolph Bubb called on his wife Ophelia, at 103 Allen street, last night.

Merry Christmas, Ophelia, "he said to her, and he endeavored to embrace her. Bhe wouldn't allow him and he struck her.

At the Essex Market Court this morning he was sent to the workhouse for one month.

BUSTLES.

(Continued from First Page.)

Wonld inspector circulated about the three entrances of the Metropolitan Opera-House one German opera night recently. He had intended to count off 100 ladies and mark whether or not they wore the much-discussed appendage. He carefully divided the page of his notebook into three columns, heading them Big Bustles, Small Bustles and No

He started to count. In ten minutes fifty seven obvious bustles had passed him. They varied from fair-sized ones to those of simply huge proportions, almost the bigness, indeed, of a youthful feather bed. The Small Bustle column had sixteen counts. The No Bustle space showed a beautiful expanse of snowy paper, undefiled by pencil marks.

At the end of fifteen minutes the Big Bustle column figured up 83, the Small Bustle 16.

The No Bustle column was still a blank

space.

The reporter reserved his pencil for some other occasion, when there might be more need of it, and bent all his faculties towards the discovery of a lady devoid of an obtrusive tournure, dress improver, or whatever other euphemistic term the dear ladies apply to the

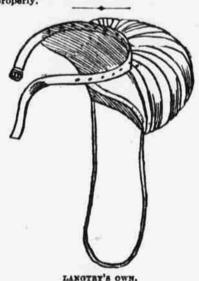
euphemistic term the dear ladies apply to the mysterious article.

Finally, when nearly everybody had entered, his patience was rewarded. Eureka! A young girl, with outlines classic in their simplicity as Mary Anderson's, wafted herself gracefully in from out the rain, and, conscious, perhaps, of the novelty of her toilet, blushingly passed in.

blushingly passed in.

The reporter recovered himself with difficulty from his surprise, took out his pencil
and drew a heavy mark the entire length of
the No Bustle column.
In vain was the attempt to discover the

name of this rara avis. No one knew the phenomenonness. Eagerly were the figures of succeeding ladies scanned. But no more Mary Anderson-like forms floated The reporter came away with the convic-tion that ladies require enormous bustles to enable them to appreciate German opera



BUSTLES IN POLICE COURTS.

Uncertain.....

A hundred women were in the Tombs Court to-day, and 76 per cent, of them had a bustle of some kind on. The older women were the exceptions, but there were a few of those well on in years who had a bustle-like tournure on their backs. One old-timer who sat on a bench as a spectator for some time, and who appeared like a wreck, got up and rustled an old black dress from beneath the folds of which there came sounds re-sembling those of, a suddenly crampled news-

sembling those of, a suddenly crampled newspaper.

Two gayly bedecked females, whom a tall policeman called "tourists," were ushered before the Justice with large-sized bustles.

'Do they wear 'em?" exclaimed Sergt. Rheinisch, of the Tombs Court, after The Evening World fashion reporter had propounded the all-absorbing query, "Do most of the women who come here wear bustles?"

The good natural Sargeant added: "Nearly The good-natured Sergeant added: "Nearly all the old-timers and 'cruisers' have 'em on in some shape. Some of 'em carry shawls and waterproof coats in their bustles, so as

to have 'em handy in case of need.

"I've known 'em to carry a comb and brush, a powder-rag and a towel in 'em. Oh, the bustle is a boss convenience, and some of our 'fiy' old-timers know it and appreciate it. No, they will never quit the bustle until everybody else does. It makes a good pillow in a cell."

It's a motley collection.

It's a motley collection of east-side females which is daily to be seen in Essex Market Court room. It's here they congregate over 100 strong each day, either as spectators or prisoners, and either satisfy a morbid curiosity or pay a fine or stand imprisonment. They are dressed in every conceivable style, but the majority wear bustles.



FIFTH AVENUE BUSTLES.

With Bustles 81 Without Bustles..... 14 Uncertain.... There was a host of Upper-tendom out for air and exercise, and THE EVENING WORLD inspector, walking between Thirty-fourth and

forty-second streets.

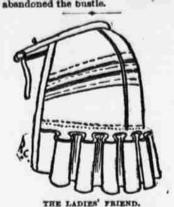
He carefully noted in his reportorial notebook the tendency of the first hundred ladies whom he met, discovering that eighty-one of them still clung to the bustle, while fourteen had as decidedly turned from the frame of wire and springs, and five were indefinitely omewhere between the bustle and no bustle. He noted, too, that full-figured, rosy-cheeked women on the cheery side of forty were the most fortunate in following the new style, the removal of the protuberance permit-ting the skirts to fall gracefully over the beauteous curves of their forms, whilespetite and slender women, without the aid of that hindrance to gracefulness in sitting, pre-sented the appearance of lankiness and looked as thin as laths.

looked as thin as laths.

Ladies whose scalakin cloaks or imported newmarkets were last year's were not to be deprived of the enjoyment of those garments by the alleged decree of fashion, and the ample folds were still buoyed out in their natural grace by the old device, while many ladies, not yet quite ready to forsake a habit of so long standing, compromised by dropping the waist string, and thus it comes to pass that the ladies seem to have suddenly

acquired an unusual and sometimes inordinate length of waist.

Altogether, however, as will be seen by the figures, Fifth avenue does not seem to have yet abandoned the bustle.



BUSTLES ON THE BOWERY.

With Bustles 100
Without Bustles 0

The bustle inspector of THE EVENING World then started forth on another tour of investigation. He invaded the sacred precincts of the Bowery and Grand street. There he found everything in a bustle. Every one was a bustling bustler, and after

taking a calm, cool survey of east-side femininity, the reporter decided that the fair sex on the Bowery and Grand street were still sticking to the teachings of their ancestors

and aunt's sisters.

He sadly came to the conclusion that the etiquette of Grand street and the Bowery demanded the wearing of the mysterious appendage, and wandered away. find a woman without a bustle.



BUSTLES OF THE SHOPPERS. Number of Women Surveyed............. 100

THE EVENING WORLD inspector stood beside the door of a well-known Fourteenth street store to see how popular the bustle was with shoppers. He "took stock" of 100 ladies who surged in and out. Sixty-two wore bustles of a pronounced degree of fulness. The dresses of thirty-five did not bulge out so much. Three wore no bustles, They were of the "fair, fat and forty" type. Their figures had a natural fulness that needed no artifice.

The sixty-two who wore the most con spicuous "dress improvers" represented all and the social strugglers—that is, judged by the cut, material and stage of newness of their gowns. Their natural shape seemed to have nothing to do with the question. Fat or lean long or short, broad or nar-row—all alike, evidently, thought their ap-pearance improved by the bustle.

pearance improved by the bustle.

Just now, when stores are so crowded, the bustle is an enemy of the shopkeeper. Why? Because they fill up space to such an extent. Were it not for the bustle, twice as many ledies could sware up to the

ladies could squeeze up to the counters.
Young girls and those who were masquerading as young girls wore the largest bustles.
As the age increased the size of the bustles



THE VERE DE VERE. SHOPGIRLS' BUSTLES.

Number of Girls Surveyed...... 100 With Bustles..... 100 Without Bustles..... Uncertain

One of the big dry-goods houses was visited a little before closing-up time. The shopgirl and the bustle have a mutual attraction. The inspector paraded down the aisles of

the store, glancing sharply at the comely figures busy yanking down bundles of cloth and all sorts of queer-looking garments strange to the eye. He thought he had not seen their like before.

When reaching up to the shelves behind the counters the reverse portions of the girls' figures were thrown out in bold relief. and from the way they joggled and swayed it was evident that there was a goodly supply of

steel wires beneath the dresses.

"Tell me." said the reporter, blushing like a lightning-bug, "do all of you young ladies in stores wear—that is, do you consider it essential to wear beneath your dresses—(the young man was now fairly sizzling with the intensity of his blushes)—the fact is I would like to how when you was those things?" like to know why you wear those things?"
"'Things' is rather indefinite," pertly responded the young miss, with annihilating

emphasis.
"Well-bustles!" finally ejaculated the reporter. Now it was the young lady's turn

to sizzle.

"Oh, we all wear them. They are so distingue, you know, Any girl with any pretensions whatever to style has a stock of them at home. You see different dresses require different styles of bustles."

And the fair young thing launched out into quire different styles of bustles."

And the fair young thing launched out into a minute description of the various kinds of bustles. She was en rapport with her subject, and before she had half finished the reporter's head was swimming, hopelessly tangled up in a labyrinth of bustles, figuratively speak-

in a labyrinth of bustles, figuratively speaking.

As near as he can recollect 111 different styles were mentioned. There may not have been quite so many, or there may have been more. He remembers there were two distinct types, each having innumerable modifications. These were the "bobtail" and the huge wire and linen "improvers," trailing to the ground.

The reporter stationed himself at the door and watched the girls as they passed out. He waited till over a hundred had gone by. The cloaks of all over fifteen years old were distended by bustles. And unless appearances



SCHOOLGIRLS' BUSTLES. With Bustles..... 90 Without Bustles..... Uncertain..... The vicinity of a school for girls was where THE EVENING WORLD inspector posted

himself to observe what kind of bustles were worn by the scholars. He had not long to wait, for promptly on time the girls came swarming out like bees from a hive, and soon he was in a highly bewildering maze of he was in a highly bewildering maze of bustles, reeds and a host of other contrivances for beautifying the feminine figures.

He had abundant opportunity for observation, and one thing in particular struck him forcibly. The large girls invariably wore bustles; not the regulation mass of wire and concealed springs, but a little bunch of something which left no doubt but that there was an addition to their figures.

The bustles decreased in size proportionately to the age of the girl, but very few wore no bustles at all. Most of them seemed to have a reed or wire fastened to the dress.

wore no bustles at all. Most of them seemed to have a reed or wire fastened to the dress, which, being curved outward, gave all the appearance of a bustle. The reporter surveyed them from all quarters and out of 100 girls surveyed 90 wore bustles, three were without bustles and there were seven un-

BUSTLES ON THE "L."

The Elevated Railroad station at Twentythird street. Sixth avenue line, was visited during the busy hours of the day. There the inspector had an opportunity of making observations at his leisure. He found that many of the stout women were without hus. tles and that every woman whose avoirdupois weight was not up to the standard wore a bustle, and that the slimmer the woman the

larger the bustle.

He also learned that ladies who were no bustle, but were content with having a reed sewed to their dresses, had no hesitation in plunging into the thickest of the crowd in order to purchase a ticket, while those af-flicted with the appendage always had to shake and fix themselves before and after going in-to the swim.

to the swim.

It was also noticed that women with bus It was also noticed that women with bus-tles very rarely occupy the benches on the platform, and if they do they sit down wi ha peculiar, sidelong motion that betrays them immediately. A woman not wearing a bustle will invariably plump right square down in the seat. The scribe surveyed about one hundred women who came on the station, of whom seventy-two wore bustles, twelve were without bustles and sixteen were uncertain.



less ladies were counted. But they were authorities, and they are to be considered. In fact these three bustleless ladies were Mrs. Edith Kingdon Gould, Mrs. Paran Stevens and Mrs. Vanderbilt, The probable reason why the bustle con-

The probable reason why the bustle continues to be popular among theatre-goers is that there is no room for it in the play-house. The seats were made without consideration of the bustle, and a lady who is largely addicted to that article finds it difficult to sit down and equally laborious to rise. But it gives her an opportunity to make complaints, and everybody knows that complaints are dear to feminine theatre-goers.



THE GO AS YOU PLEASE. BUSTLES IN HOTELS. Number of Women Surveyed....... 100

With Bustles..... Without Bustles..... From the observations of THE EVENING

WORLD inspector in the fashionable uptown hotels, there is no great decrease in the wearing of the bustle. True, many of them are less ponderous than formerly, but still a slight

Do You Suffer

From rheumatism? If so, read the following "voluntary tribute" from a reliable, conscientious man, which appeared in the Geneva (N. Y.) Gasette, entirely unknown to us till after its publication

"Without doubt a large proportion of those who have passed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rhou-matism. Up to three winters ago I had never known what sickness or pain was; but during the fall and winte of 1884 I had a slight attack of rheumatism, which, however, passed off towards spring, but the following however, passed off towards spring, but the following winter it respipeared with greater severity. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparills. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to say the rhoumatic pains ceased, my appetite and digsetion became better, and my general health greatly improved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a cure in my case."

WM. Scoon, Geneva, H. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggiets. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by
C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.,
100 DOSES ONE BOLLAR

elevation betokened the fact that in many cases, although rather diminutive, like the Star-Spangled Banner, it was still there.

Carefully noting the costume of each wo man, the inspector had counted over two score before meeting a case of 'no bustle."

The first exception was that of a tall, stout woman, clad in a blue, tailor-made cloak reaching to her feet, the outlines of ber back denoting the entire absence of any extender. She was both handsome and stylish, and her properations was railed to the inspector's appearance was a relief to the inspector'

spearance was a relief to the inspector's eyes.

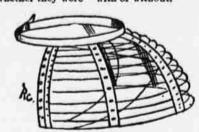
From that on the count of bustles resumed its steady sway until the number seventy-five was reached, three of which could be classed as doubtful, owing to the fashion of gathering wraps at the back, which to the inexperienced eye might easily pass for a bustle.

Then another female devoid of a bustle was seen. As it was only a little nurse-girl though, perhaps it were not fair to count her in.

her in.

Just as the reporter was entering the Hoffman House three tailor-made girls out on a shopping expedition passed him, and as he glanced at their costumes three more 'no bustles' were entered on his mental tablets, swelling the total to five.

The next two seen were added to the doubtful list, it being hard to determine whether they were "with or without."



THE LIGHT AND STRONG.

Uninterruptedly, the count of those with bustles on reached the number of eighty-six when an elderly lady appeared, accompanied by a younger one, evidently her daughter, both of whom were of the same mind as Mrs. President Cleveland, that the "bustle must

The next two, or in fact the next dozen ladies were all supplied with extenders, but having completed his allotted hundred, the reporter stopped counting, leaving the total score of 88 "with," 7 "without" and 5

INCREASED DEMAND FOR BUSTLES. Mrs. Cleveland Gave Them a Set-Back, but

Mrs. Harrison Revives the Fashion. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 26.-The nouncement made in THE EVENING WORLD

m a tender spot and owners of fusiles that were beginning to vear out were frightened. They knew not which way to turn should the

They know not which way to turn should the manufacture of bustles cease. Letters and telegrams have come from everywhere asking for more bustles.

The result of all this has embarrassed Mr. Taylor. He said this morning: "It is always our custom to shut down at this time of year for inventory, but we will have to start up again to keep up with the orders start up again to keep up with the orders start up again to keep up with the orders which have swept down on us like a cyclone."
He then added with a smile: "The bustle business did receive a set-back about six months ago by Mrs. Cleveland's action against the bustle, but that has all been done against the bustle, but that has all been done away with. Mrs. Harrison is said to be very much in favor of the fashion. The bustle is not outgoing, but incoming, and will be larger than ever. The fashion plates of Eng-land and Paris show that.

A Reformed Bummer's Temperance Work

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Dec. 26.—A lively temperance revival is in progress in this village, brought about by Alfred C. Mabee of Lansing, Mich., a former resident of Fort Plain. Mr. Mabee was once one of the lowest bummers in

Wearing Dusters in Minnesota.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD, I WINONA, Minn., Dec. 26.—Up to date this Winter no snow has fallen here. The mercury has not gone below 40 above, and out of door work by masons, carpenters and farmers has work by masons, carpeners and tarners has proceeded without interruption. Yesterday an excursion party of at least two hundred, uniformed with fans, straw hats and linen dusters, enjoyed an excursion on the river to Fountain City, nine miles above here. The party remained on deck, drank lemonade and had a bushel of fun, seeing no ice. How is this for the banana belt?

Robbery on the Central Pacific Express. SACRAMENTO, Dec. 26. - The agent here of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, says it is probable that the amount secured by the men who robbed the express car on the east - bound Central Pacific train the other night near Clipper Gap will not exceed \$800. The robbers boarded the train while it was running slowly through the smow-shed. A package containing \$10,000, in the express car, was overlooked by the robbers.

The Enterprising "Once a Week." Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the well-known book reviewer, and Mr. Clakely Hall have been added to the staff of contributors to Collier's Once a Week. That journal also announces the reports of a series of lectures delivered before the of a series of lectures delivered before the Thompson Street Poker Club, of immortal memory, and transcribed from the minutes by Henry Guy Carleton. These latter will include discourses on 'The Banker, 'by the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith; on 'De Deal,' by Mr. Tooter Williams; on 'Ante, Blin' an' Straddle,' by Prof. Brick; on 'De Limmick," by Elder Jubilee Anderson; on 'Bobtail Flisks, Strakers 'n Siders, 'by Gus Johnson, esq., and 'De Kitty 'n Jackers," by the volatile Cyanide Whiffles,"

Mental Depression



Are digestive tablets, carefully compounded from the prescription of an emissent kinglish physician. They act directly upon the digestive organs, aiding the stomach to digest and properly assimilate food, instantly relieving pain and discomfort. Rev. A. HATKAWAT FRANCIS, of 4 Woodville Park, Mt. Piessant, says: "It affords me sincere pleasure to say a word in favor of Peptonix. I have tried them, and can recommend them heartily."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

What Our Newsboy Guests Have to Say About It.

Short and Pithy Expressions. but to the Point.

It Was the "Bangist Up Layout" the Newsboys of New York Ever Had.

The talk of the town yesterday was Tax EVENING WORLD's Christmas dinner to the wide-awake newsboys of New York. A round thousand of tickets were issued, but considerably more than a round thousand newsboys came. They were all welcomed. After a little parade, to sharpen their appetites, they swarmed into Mine Host Everett's marblefloored dining-rooms like a herd of Texan steers. Words fail to describe the slaughter of turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, apple pie and other appetizing edibles that ensued. What the newsboys themselves say about the dinner is perhaps more to the point. Here are a few of their observations:

Charley Flanagan, 26 Avenue B—It's the boss dinner.

Jack Dempsey, 84 Greenwich street—I couldn't knock it out.

Jake Audit, 47 Essex street—It's a dandy dinner. dinner.

Joe Gotthelf, 84 Norfolk street—Talk about your turkey and pie; I'm full of 'em,
Mike Gordon, 126 First avenue—It's a bully grub pile.

Jake Bargusky, 263 Madison street—Well, you Jake Bargusky, 293 Madison street—Well, you oughter to see me tackle that turkey.

Dave Stern, 427 Houston street—That dinner's all right.

Harry Sager, 90 Eldridge street—That EvenINO Worked dinner is a corker.

"Pork and Beans"—Beats Boston baked beans

Dave Goldback, 19 Mott street-I'm full to the neck.
Hank Isaacs, 68 Baxter street—Oh, take me home. I'm as full as a goat.
Dennis Shea, 79 Mulberry street—Get on to The Evening World fellers interviewin us.

A CASE OF "PARALYSIS."

George Shaughnessy, 32 Thompson street—
I'm paralyzed with der stuff we got at Everetta.
Hooray for The Evening World.
William Yates, Christopher and Greenwich streets—Oh, The Evening World's all right even time. Jimmy Clark, 160 Greenwich street—That was nouncement made in The Evening World that Taylor's bustle factory had closed for three weeks, and that Miss Searles and Miss Mullen, forewoman, had been presented with diamond rings, has caused a great commotion all over the country.

Various newspapers followed the announcement by stating that the factory had shut down for good. Fashion was touched in a tender spot and owners of bustles that were beginning to vear out were frightened. They knew not which way to turn should the They was a gorge, you bet. Johnny Garing, 90 Monroe street—I got there all the same.

Jimmy Clark, 160 Greenwich street—I not was a gorge, you bet.

Johnny Garing, 90 Monroe street—I got there all the same.

John Moran Fin to the kids tacklin' the turkey and the pie?

John Moran Fin to full to talk.

Tory Fesnoli, 8 Mott street—I got there all the same.

John Moran Fin to full to talk.

Tory Fesnoli, 8 Mott street—I alian newsboys like the dinns of This Evening World the street—You can bet your life we got in our fine work.

Tom McCarty, 143 Mott street—You can bet your life we got in our fine work.

Tom McCarty, 143 Mott street—Oh, I guess I don't like turkey and cranberry sauce.

Barney McCuen, 47 Park street—Was the boss grants. Louis Hill, 76 Allen street—Lots of turkey and

mince pie.
Louis Krauss, 131 Monroe street—I vas eating mine stomach full of turkey.
Three-legged Mike, the Bowery Drifter—I'm a bluffer, and chuck full of turkey.

"A wolf on GRUB." Tommy Noedeen, 114 Third avenue—I'm a wolf on grub, but this takes the cake.

Jerry Forrester, 72 Oliver street—I didn't get left.
Billy Weldon, 127 Washington street—I'm bustin, with a stomach full.

Tommy Nelson, 200 Rivington street—Every mother's son of them sells The Evening World and preciates this grub.

Jim Sweeney, 201 West Thirty-second street—I'm full as a tick.

Johnny Yates—Two pieces of pie and a plate full of turkey. ll of turkey.
David Groeche, 81 East Broadway—It was hristmas, and I wish it would come every day.
Pete Lanagan, 438 Greetwich street—Hoorsy or The Evening World! There's no paper like

Frank Nelson, 21 Allen street-Just like Tur Frank Nelson, 21 Allen street—Just like THE
EVENING WORLD—always ahead.
Maurice Auerbach, 228 Second street—I got a
first-class dinner.
Harry Simmons, 48 Forsyth street—It's the
boss Christmas dinner.
Bobby Gardner, 34 Madison street—Just what
pleases us fellers.
Henrici Chlebowsky, 70 Avenue B—Nothing
like it. Henric Chebowsky, 102 Henric Henric Like it.

August Kleiner, 522 Tenth avenue—Mr.
Pulitzer is a good man. He gives us boys such a nice dinner.

Petey Kane, 108 Mulberry street—I know when I get a good thing.

" IT'S THE BOSS."

Joe Tobin. 348 West Twenty-sixth street— There's only one opinion on this yere dinner— it's the boss. Barney Walsh, 977 Tenth avenue—It's got up n great shape.
William Fitzgerald, 34 York street, Brooklyn
-I'm too full to speak. Put me down, and say
'm a hummer. William Fitzgerald, 34 York street, Brooklyn—I'm too full to speak. Put me down, and say I'm a hummer.

Johnny Duffy, 142 Harrison street—This dinner's too fine fer my stomach.

George Blankenstock, 171 Mulberry street—There's no paper like The Eventso World and no dinner equal to this one,
Henry Harrison, Newsboys' Lodging-House—Never had such a feast.

Tommy O'Neil, 10 Washington street—We never had such grub as this.

Johnny Dayton, 17 City Hall place—No other paper ever got up a dinner like this.

Robert Stevenson, of Fulton Ferry—I couldn's miss this dinner.

Moses Stevenson, 134 Cherry street—The Eventso World's a daisy, you bet.
George Vogt, 631 First avenue—There never was a feed like dis one.

Rachel Rothstein, nine years old, of 48 Essex street—The turkeys were big and fine.
Fanny Polinger, 54 Orchard street—I had lots of turkey and mince pie.
Joseph Cohen, 374 New Chambers street—The dinner is a corker.

Jack Dempsey, 3 Battery place—What a food I've had!

A NEWSGIRL'S JUDGMENT.

A NEWSOIRL'S JUDGMENT.

Minnie Altman, ten years old, 114 Allent street—It is a "grand idea."

John Nelligan, fourteen years old, 38 Washington street—Wonder why the other papers don't give the newsboys dinners too.

John Smith, ten years old, of the Newsboys' Lodging-House—The dinner was "nifty."
David Glawberger, fourteen years old, 9 Duane street—I wish The Evening Worlin would invite me to dinner every day.

Alex Sussman, fifteen years old, of 46 Orchard street—I am going to be an Evening World street—I am going to be an Evening World treet—I am going to Duane street—I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Joseph Donovan, 201 West Thirty-second street—I ate about \$2 worth.

Richard Fabin, 438 West Twenty-sixth street—This is a W. H. Vanderbilt dinner.

John Bowen, of Beach street—Oh, it was a big feed. John Bowen, of Beach street—Oh, it was a big feed.

Jimmy Coleman, thirteen years old, of 56 Bowery.—I have had four pieces of mince pie.

"Connie" O'Brien, of 38 Washington street.

—I've had all the turkey I could eat.

"Will" Kelly, ten years old, 251 West Thirtyfifth street.—I want the Evening World to give
another dinner New Year's Day.

John Kelly, fourteen years old.—I'll bet I ata
more pie than any other boy there. WISHES EVERY DAY WAS CHRISTMAS.

William Dickson, fifteen years old, 200
Bleecker street—I wish that every day was
Christmas Day.

John McCarthy, fourteen years old, of 168
Mulberry street—It's a dandy dinner.

Moses Cinnamon, of 258 Delancey street—I've
had a grand feed.

Moses Susseman, ten years old, of 46 Orchard
street—I wish I could eat some more.

John Brown, of 366 Pearl street—The happiest day of my life.

Peter Noonan, of 8 Madison street—It's a pity
I can't eat any more.

Frank Wardle, of 335 East Thirty-eighth
street—It was a grand dinner.

Peter Grill, 400 Greenwich street—The plum
pudding sauce had real brandy in it.

Louis Eckert, 246 West Thirty-second street
—I'm going to carry some mince pie home with
me.

Anton Newbeck, nine years old, 240 West Anton Newbeck, nine years old, 240 West Thirty-second street—So full I can't talk.
Henry Rosenfeldt, sight years old, of 165 East Broadway—Hurrah for Tar Evrance Wontol John Shaffenberg, nine years old, 401 East Thirtieth street—I m real full.
John Duffy, 2 Houston street; A. Murphy, 45 Allen street; George Gibson, 34 Desbrosses treet, and Joseph Kelly, 45 Mott street—All hilariously enthusiastic at gotting "a square meal."

THE ALLSTON CO., 67 High Street, Bo